VISIT…

The Daffodils

by

William

Wordsworth

I wandered lonely

as a cloud

That floats on high

o'er vales and hills,

When all at once I

saw a crowd,

A host, of golden

daffodils;

Beside the lake,

beneath the trees,

Fluttering and

dancing in the

breeze.

Continuous as the

stars that shine

And twinkle on the

milky way,

They stretched in

never-ending line

Along the margin

of a bay:

Ten thousand saw I

at a glance,

Tossing their heads

in sprightly dance.

The waves beside

them danced;

but they

Outdid the

sparkling waves

in glee:

A poet could not

but be gay,

In such a jocund

company:

I gazed — and

gazed — but little

thought

What wealth the

show to me had

brought:

For oft, when on

my couch I lie

In vacant or in

pensive mood,

They flash upon

that inward eye

Which is the bliss

of solitude;

And then my heart

with pleasure fills,

And dances with

the daffodils.